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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

WIT MADE EASY, OR A HINT TO WORD-CATCHERS.

A.—HERE comes B., the liveliest yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress.—Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B.—I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eye-sight.

A.—Good. Well, how do you do?

B.—How? Why as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A.—Nonsense. I mean, how do you find yourself?

B.—Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A.—Incorrigible dog! come now; to be serious.

B.—(Comes closer to A. and looks very serious.)

A.—Well, what now?

B.—I am come, to be serious.

A.—Come now; nonsense, B.; leave off this. (Laying his hand on his arm.)

B.—(Looking down at his arm.)—I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A.—Ah, ha? You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B.—The deuce! How's Jackson! Well, I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? "Surname and arms," I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.

A.—Good bye.

B.—(Detaining him.)—"Good Bye!" What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! "Good Bye!"—To think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, doating aloud on the integrity of a Mr Bye!

A.—Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B.—Don't accept it then. You need not take everything that is given you.

A.—You'll want a strait-forward answer some day, and then—

B.—You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A.—It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B.—I can't see why it is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A.—(In despair.)—Well, it's of no use, I see.

B.—Excuse me: it is of the very greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. It performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. It rains. It is fine weather. It freezes. It thaws. It (which is very odd) is one o'clock. "It has been a very frequent observation." It goes. Here it goes. How goes it?—(which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short—

A.—In short, if I wanted a dissertation on it, now's the time for it. But I don't; so, good bye.—(going)—I saw Miss M. last night.

B.—The devil you did! Where was it?

A.—(To himself)—Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it? Where was it, eh? Oh you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B.—Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me. I'm on thorns.

A.—On thorns! Very odd thorns. I never saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B.—Come now, to be serious.

A.—(Comes close to B. and looks tragic.)

B.—He, he! Very fair, egad. But do tell me where was she? How did she look? Who was with her?

A.—Oh, ho! *Hoo* was with her, was he? Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who the devil it was. But I say, Jack, *who's Hoo*?

B.—Good. He, he! Devilish fair! But now, my dear Will, for God's sake, you know how interested I am.

A.—The deuce you are! I always took you for a disinterested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack's apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest disinterested fellow I never met with.

B.—Well, then, as you think so, be merciful. Where is Miss M.?

A.—This is more astonishing news than any. *Ware* is Miss M. I know her passion for music; but this is wonderful. Good Heavens! To think of a delicate young lady dressing herself in man's clothes, and going about as a musician under the name of *Ware*.

B.—Now, my dear Will, consider. I acknowledge I have been tiresome; I confess it is a bad habit, this word-catching; but consider my love.

A.—(Falls into an attitude of musing.)

B.—Well.

A.—Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B.—I repent; I am truly sorry. What shall I do?—(Laying his hand on his heart.)—I'll give up this cursed habit.

A.—You will?—upon honour?

B.—Upon my honour.

A.—On the spot.

B.—Now, this instant. Now and for ever.

A.—Strip away then.

B.—Strip? for what?

A.—You said you'd give up that cursed habit.

B.—Now, my dear A. for the love of everything that is sacred; for the love of your own love—

A.—Well, you promise me sincerely?

B.—Heart and soul.

A.—Step over the way, then, into the coffee-house, and I'll tell you.

Street-Sweeper.—Plase your honour, pray remember the poor swape.

B.—My friend, I'll never forget you, if that will be of any service. I'll think of you next year.

A.—What again!

B.—The last time, as I hope to be saved. Here, my friend; there's a shilling for you. Charity covers a multitude of bad jokes.

Street-Sweeper.—God send your honour thousands of them.

B.—The jokes or the shillings, you rascal?

Street-Sweeper.—Och, the shillings. Divil a bit tha bad jokes. I can make them myself, and a shilling's no joke anyhow.

A.—What! really silent! and in spite of the dog's equivocal Irish face! Come, B., I now see you can give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough: but they think ill of a man who cannot come to a grave conclusion.

CELEBRATED SPECIMEN OF THE LETTER-WRITING OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE,

[FAMOUS for her wit and good-nature in the reign of Louis XIV, and her love for the daughter to whom she chiefly addressed her letters.]

A. M. DE COULANGES.

A Paris, Lundi, 15 Décembre 1670.

Je m'en vais vous mander la chose du monde la plus étonnante, la plus surprenante, la plus merveilleuse, la plus miraculeuse, la plus triomphante, la plus étourdissante, la plus inouïe, la plus singulière, la plus extraordinaire, la plus incroyable, la plus imprévue, la plus grande, la plus petite, la plus rare, la plus commune, la plus éclatante, la plus secrète jusqu'à aujourd'hui, la plus brillante, la plus digne d'envie; enfin, une chose dont on ne trouve qu'un exemple dans les siècles passés, encore cet exemple n'est-il pas juste; une chose que nous ne saurions croire à Paris; comment la pourroit-on croire à Lyon? une chose qui fait crier miséricorde à tout le monde; une chose qui comble de joie Madame de Rohan et Madame d'Hauterive; une chose enfin qui se fera dimanche, où ceux qui la verront croiront avoir la *berlus*; une chose qui se fera dimanche, et qui ne sera peut-être pas faite lundi. Je ne puis me résoudre à vous la dire, devinez-la; je vous le donne en trois: jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens? Hé bien! il faut donc vous la dire. M. de Lauzun épouse dimanche au Louvre, devinez qui? Je vous le donne en quatre, je vous le donne en six, je vous le donne en cent. Madame de Coulanges dit: Voilà qui est bien difficile à deviner; c'est Madame de la Vallière. Point du tout, Madame. C'est donc Mademoiselle de Retz? Point du tout, vous êtes bien provinciale. Ah! vraiment, nous sommes bien bêtes, dites-vous; c'est Mademoiselle Colbert. Encore moins. C'est assurément Mademoiselle de Créqui. Vous n'y êtes pas. Il faut donc à la fin vous le dire: il épouse dimanche au Louvre, avec la permission du Roi, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de Mademoiselle, devinez le nom; il épouse Mademoiselle, la grande Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, fille de feu Monsieur, Mademoiselle, petite fille de Henri IV, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, cousine germaine du Roi, Mademoiselle, destinée au trône, Mademoiselle, le seul parti de France qui fût digne de Monsieur. Voilà un beau sujet de discourir. Si vous criez, si vous êtes hors de vous-même, si vous dites que nous avons menti, que cela est faux, qu'on se moque de vous, que voilà une belle raillerie, que cela est bien fade à imaginer; si enfin vous nous dites des injures, nous

trouvons que vous avez raison : nous en avons fait autant que vous. Adieu ; les lettres qui seront portées par cet ordinaire vous seront voir si nous disons vrai ou non.

[TRANSLATION.]

"I am going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalted, the most humble, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable,—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times ; at least, nothing quite like it ;—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris ; how then will it be believed at Lyons ?—a thing which makes all the world cry out "Good heavens !" —a thing which has overjoyed Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive ; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who shall see it will not believe their own eyes ; a thing, which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be done till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once ; I give you three times to guess it in :—do you give it up ? Well, then, M. de Lauzun—is to marry—next Sunday—at the Louvre,—guess whom ? I give it you in four ; I give it you in six ; I give it you in a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess ;—'tis Madame de la Valliere ?" No, it isn't, Madam. "'Tis Mademoiselle de Retz then ?" No, it isn't, Madam : you guess like a country-cousin. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt," say you ; "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert ?" Farther off than ever. "Well, then, it must be Mademoiselle de Crequi ?" You're not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, Monsieur de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with his Majesty's permission, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—, Mademoiselle,—guess who ?—he marries "MADemoiselle !" the great Mademoiselle ! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late Monsieur,—Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle destined to the throne, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coterizes. Exclaim about it as much as you will ;—let it turn your heads ; say we "lie," if you please ; that it's all false ; that we are laughing at you ; that it's a "pretty joke ;" that it's "tiresome ;" that we're a parcel of ninnies. We give you leave ; we have done just the same thing to others. Adieu ! the letters that come by the post, will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.

M. SUDRÉ'S TELEPHONE.

MONSIEUR SUDRÉ, a native of France, exhibited on Wednesday, July 8, in the King's Concert Room, at the Opera House, a public demonstration of his "Musical Language."

He opened his lecture by some observations on the nature of language in general, as the means of conveying thought from mind to mind ; and then, by a variety of satisfactory proofs, established the applicability of music to this purpose.

The audience were supplied with small slips of paper, upon which several ladies and gentlemen wrote sentences. Each sentence was then handed to Monsieur Sudré, who translated it into musical sounds with his violin, while an assistant, so situated as to be within hearing of the sounds, but beyond the reach of personal communication, was engaged in translating the music back again into the very words of the sentence.

After hearing the music the assistant wrote down, not the substance, but the exact words of each sentiment, on a black board, in large letters of chalk ; and the correctness with which he performed this office seemed to give great satisfaction to the company, and

to interest their feelings on behalf of the ingenious inventor.

We select a few from the numerous examples :—

"La telephone peut elle seule être le langage de savants."

"Le genie s'impose tôt ou tard."

"Amitié entre l'Angleterre et la France."

"L'humanité vous sera reconnaissante de cette invention."

"Honneur à l'inventeur."

"Les arts valent mieux que la politique."

Monsieur Sudré also exhibited the efficiency of his "Musical Language" when written in musical character, by a familiar course of experiments, and gave examples of a new foreign language, founded upon musical notes.

The inventor seems to entertain sanguine expectations of inducing mankind to adopt his system as a universal language, but in this he is attended rather by our good wishes than our hopes.

His more moderate view of applying it to telegraphic communications seems better founded, though even that seems beset, at the very threshold, by the awkward necessity of securing a fair wind from the weather office.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

WINKELMAN THE VIRTUOSO, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ASSASSINATION.

We have taken a liberty with the plan of this department of our JOURNAL in giving a small personal account of our present subject, and a long one of his death ; but to say the truth, the latter is the most curious part of his history, and happening to meet with it, we thought it would interest the reader. It does not amount to a "Romance of Real Life," for its horrors are of too common occurrence ; yet the total absence of anything like sympathy with a victim, while there is a strong sympathy of imagination with his means of enjoyment, presents one of those moral puzzles in the history of crime, which the mind gladly, and we think, justly solves, by the imputation of madness. An excess of any anti-social passion is a madness ; and an excess of selfishness, the worst and most dangerous of all.

The Abbé Winkelman was a German who resided in Italy, and became an amateur and virtuoso by profession. From what we recollect of his writings, we should say that he had real taste, and did good to the cause of the Fine Arts ; but that his discernment was more delicate than profound. He is described as having a low forehead, a sharp nose, and small deep-set eyes, features altogether forming a gloomy physiognomy, yet lit up on occasion by an agreeable expression of candour and good-will. He was passionate and brusque, but an honest man. It is hardly possible to live in the heavenly region of the Fine Arts, and be a bad one.

A formal account of his assassination was published, and ran as follows :—

Francis Arcangeli was born of mean parents, near the city of Pistoia, and bred a cook, in which capacity he served in a respectable family at Vienna ; where, having been guilty of a considerable robbery, he was condemned to work in fetters for four years, and then to be banished from all the Austrian dominions, after being sworn never to return. When three years of his slavery were expired, he found friends to intercede in his favour, and he was released from serving the fourth, but strictly enjoined to observe the order of banishment ; in consequence of which he left Vienna and retired to Venice with his pretended wife Eva-Rachel. In August, 1767, notwithstanding his oath, he came to Trieste with a view to settle ; but afterwards changed his mind, and returned to Venice, where, being disappointed of the encouragement he probably expected, he came again to Trieste in May 1768. Being almost destitute of money, and but shabbily dressed, he took up his lodging at a noted inn (probably with a view of robbing some traveller.) In a few days the Abbé Winkelman arrived at the same inn, on his way from Vienna to Rome, and was lodged in the next apartment to that of Arcangeli. This circumstance, and their dining together at the ordinary, first brought them acquainted. The Abbé expressed a desire of prosecuting his journey with all possible expedition, and Arcangeli was seemingly very assiduous in procuring him a passage, which the Abbé took very kindly, and very liberally rewarded him for his services. His departure, however, being delayed by the master of the vessel which was to carry him, Arcangeli was more than ordinarily diligent in improving every opportunity of making himself acceptable to the Abbé ; and their frequent walks, long and familiar conversations, and the excessive civility and attention of Arcangeli upon all occasions that offered,

so improved the regard which the Abbé had begun to conceive for him, that he not only acquainted him, in the general run of their discourse, with the motives and the event of his journey to Vienna, the graces he had there received, and the offers of that ministry ; but informed him also of the letters of credit he had with him, the medals of gold and silver which he had received from their Imperial Majesties, and, in short, with all the things of which he was possessed.

Arcangeli expressed an earnest desire to see the medals, and the Abbé an equal eagerness to gratify his curiosity ; but the villain no sooner beheld the fatal coins, than yielding to the motions of his depraved heart, he determined treacherously to murder and rob the possessor. Several days elapsed, however, before he put his cruel design into execution, in which time he so officiously and courteously conformed himself to the temper and situation of his new friend, that he totally disarmed the Abbé of all mistrust, and had actually inspired him with a sincere friendship.

In the morning of the 7th of June, being determined no longer to delay his bloody purpose, he bought a sharp-pointed knife, the instrument he intended to use in the execution, and then going to the coffee-house, he there found the Abbé, who paid for him as usual, and continued with him in conversation till they both went home to dinner. After dinner they went again abroad together ; but the villain, having meditated a new scheme, he parted from the Abbé, and went and purchased some yards of cord, with which he returned home, and retired to his chamber till the Abbé came home ; he employed himself in twisting the cord, and forming a noose, and having prepared it to his mind, he placed that and the knife in a chair ready. Soon after this the Abbé came in, and, as his custom was, invited Arcangeli to supper. The cheerfulness of the Abbé, and the frankness and cordiality with which he received and treated him, staggered him at first ; and the sentiments of humanity so far took place, that his blood ran cold with the thoughts of his cruel intention, nor had he at this time courage to execute it. But the next morning, June the 8th, both going out of the inn together, and drinking coffee at the usual house, after Arcangeli had pretended in vain to hire a vessel to carry the Abbé to Bagni, they returned to the inn, and each going into his own room, Arcangeli pulled off his coat (probably to prevent its being stained with blood), and putting the knife unsheathed, and the cord into his waistcoat pocket, about nine he went into Winkelman's chamber, who received him with his accustomed frankness, and entered into chat about his journey and about his medals ; and, as he was upon the point of his departure, he invited the man, who was that instant to be his murderer, in the most affectionate manner, to Rome, where he promised him his best assistance. Full of those friendly sentiments, the Abbé sat himself down in his chair, when instantly the assassin, who stood behind him, threw the cord over his head and drew it close. The Abbé with both his hands endeavoured to loosen the cord, but the murderer with his knife already unsheathed, stabbed him in several places. This increased the struggle, and the last efforts of the unhappy victim, brought both of them to the ground ; the murderer, however, was uppermost, and having his knife still reeking with blood in his hand, plunged it five times into the bowels of his wounded friend. The noise of the fall, and the groans of the Abbé, alarmed the chamberlain of the house, who, hastily opening the door, was witness to the bloody conflict. The assassin, surprised in the fact, dropped the bloody knife, and in his waistcoat only, without a hat, his breast open, and his shirt covered with blood, he escaped out of the inn.

With the cord about his neck, and his wounds streaming, the Abbé had still strength to rise, and descending from the second floor to the first, he placed himself against the balustrade, and called for assistance. Moved with compassion, those who heard his cries, hastened to his relief, and helping him to his room, laid him upon his bed, where, having no hope of recovery, he received the sacraments and made his will. After suffering a great deal with heroic constancy and truly Christian piety, not complaining of his murderer, but most sincerely pardoning him, he calmly breathed his last about four in the afternoon.

In the mean time the assassin had escaped into the Venetian territories, where, not thinking himself safe, he pursued his way to Pirano, with a design to embark in whatever ship was ready to sail, to whatever place ; but expresses being everywhere dispatched with an account of the murder, and a description of the murderer, he found himself surrounded with dangers on all sides. Having found means, however, to change his clothes, he quitted the high road, and passing through forests, and over mountains unknown to him, he at length came to a road leading to Labiana, and had reached Plasina, when a drummer, mistaking him for a deserter, caused him to be apprehended. Upon his examination, not being able to give satisfactory account of himself, and being threatened by the magistrates of Aldeperg, he voluntarily confessed the murder, and eight days after committing the act, he was brought back to Trieste, heavily ironed, and under a strong guard. There he was tried, and being found guilty, as well on his own confession, as on the clearest evidence, he was sentenced by the Emperor's judges to

be broken on the wheel, opposite to the inn where he had perpetrated the murder, and his body to be exposed in the usual place of executions. On the 18th of June he was informed of his sentence, and on the 20th of the same month it was executed in all its points, in the presence of an innumerable multitude, who flocked from all parts to see his death.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXIX.—A MAN IMPRISONED IN ENGLAND FOR FORTY YEARS WITHOUT BEING DECLARED GUILTY.

THE story of Major Bernardi has been told at considerable length in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and we think also in the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book,' though we cannot find it on referring to that work. Probably it was in the additional volume subsequently printed, which we do not happen to have by us. The following abridgment is taken from the 'General Biographical Dictionary.' The Major's "courage" in venturing upon a second marriage we do not understand. The courage was rather on the side of the lady, in wedding a poor man and a prisoner. She appears to have been a noble-hearted woman, and to have met with a man that deserved her. But both the parties seem to have been truly attached, and, as far as the marriage union is concerned, what courage is there in having one's way under those circumstances? The biographer appears also to have been too hasty in calling the children "inheritors of misery and confinement," and assuming it as "probable" that they were left destitute. Why need he have assumed anything so melancholy of the children of two such people, happy with each other and in their own virtues, and therefore not likely to have had such a prospect to contemplate? The most likely thing is, that two people, so good and kind, had some reliance upon the future, of whatever nature, sufficient to warrant the calmness of their philosophy.

Major Bernardi's history is a puzzle, and of very doubtful credit to the energy of the government at that period, and its professed liberality. The probability, we think, is, that he was in possession of some state secret, which, out of a sense of duty to his old master, he refused to give up.

JOHN BERNARDI, says the biographer, usually called Major Bernardi, was born at Evesham, in 1657, and was descended from an honourable family which had flourished at Lucca in Italy, from the year 1097. His grandfather Philip, a count of the Roman empire, lived in England as resident from Genoa twenty-eight years, and married a native of this country. His father Francis succeeded to this office; but, taking disgust at some measures adopted by the senate at Genoa, resigned, and retiring to Evesham, amused himself with gardening, on which he spent a considerable sum of money, and set a good example in that science to the town. John, his son, the subject of this article, of a spirited and restless temper, having received some harsh usage from his father, at the age of thirteen ran away to avoid his severity, and perhaps without any determinate purpose. He retained, notwithstanding, several friends, and was for some time supported by them, but their friendship appears to have gone little farther; for soon after he enlisted as a common soldier in the service of the Prince of Orange. In this station he showed uncommon talents and bravery, and in a short time obtained a captain's commission in the service of the States. In April 1677, he married a Dutch lady of good family, with whom he enjoyed much conjugal happiness for eleven years. The English regiments in the Dutch service being recalled by James II, very few of them, but among those few was Bernardi's, would obey the summons, and of course, he could not sign the association, into which the Prince of Orange wished the regiments to enter. He thus lost his favour, and having no other alternative, and probably wishing for no other, he followed the abdicated James II into Ireland; who soon after, sent him on some commission into Scotland, from whence, as the ruin of his master now became inevitable, he once more retired to Holland. Venturing, however, to appear in London in 1695, he was committed to Newgate, March 25, 1696, on suspicion of being an abettor of the plot to assassinate king William; and although sufficient evidence could not be brought to prove the fact, he was sentenced and continued in prison by the express decree of six successive parliaments, with five other persons, where he remained for more than forty years. As this was a circumstance wholly without a precedent, it has been supposed that there was something in his character particularly dangerous, to induce four sovereigns and

six parliaments to protract his confinement, without either legally condemning or pardoning him.

In his confinement he had the courage to venture on a second marriage, which proved a very fortunate event to him, as he thus not only enjoyed the soothing converse of a true friend, but was even supported during his whole imprisonment by the care and industry of his wife. Ten children were the produce of this marriage, the inheritors of misery and confinement. In the mean time he is said to have borne his imprisonment with such resignation and evenness of temper, as to have excited much respect and love in the few who enjoyed his acquaintance. In the earlier part of his life he had received several dangerous wounds, which now breaking out afresh, and giving him great torment, afforded a fresh trial of his equanimity and firmness. At length he died Sept. 20, 1736, leaving his wife and numerous family probably in a destitute state; but what became of them afterwards is not known. Bernardi was a little, brisk, and active man, of a very cheerful disposition, and, as may appear from this short narrative, of great courage and constancy of mind.

SONNET.

INSCRIBED AFFECTIONATELY TO LUKE THOMPSON, ESQ., YORK.

[WE violate a rule, under our new system, in giving insertion to the following Sonnet; but the circumstances which have come to our knowledge as giving rise to it, are so creditable to all parties, that we could not but do it such honour as lay in our power. Readers, however, must still be good enough to bear in mind, for all sakes, that we are obliged to decline elegancies of the like nature in general.—ED.]

STILL in this glen, deep-channelled in the wolds,
Untrod by pilgrim now, fair RIVAUX! stands,
Though bruised and broken by Time's serpent-folds,
The glorious fabric once of pious hands—
In splendid ruin! What a thrilling scene
Of solitude, of grandeur, of decay,—
With stream and woodland graced, and meadows
green,
Where Peace unchallenged holds perennial sway!
Yet doubly dear to me, since yonder cot,
Yon modest home of independent worth,
To holiest duties aye a welcome spot,
Saw Hope delighted wait upon the birth
Of him, whom Friendship, without slight of other,
Gave me to love instead of a young brother.

JOHN ATKINSON.

Old May Day, 1835.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

XX.—HENRY VI. IN THREE PARTS.

DURING the time of the civil wars of York and Lancaster, England was a perfect bear-garden, and Shakspear has given us a very lively picture of the scene. The three parts of Henry VI. convey a picture of very little else; and are inferior to the other historical plays. They have brilliant passages; but the general ground-work is comparatively poor and meagre, the style "flat and unraised." There are few lines like the following:—

"Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought."

The first part relates to the wars in France after the death of Henry V. and the story of the Maid of Orleans. She is here almost as servilely treated as in Voltaire's Pucelle. Talbot is a very magnificent sketch: there is something as formidable in his portrait of him, as there would be in a monumental figure of him, or in the sight of the armour which he wore. The scene in which he visits the Countess of Auvergne, who seeks to entrap him, is a very spirited one, and his description of his own treatment while a prisoner to the French is not less remarkable.

"SALISBURY. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd."

TALBOT. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly,
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had:
They walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

The second part relates chiefly to the contests between the nobles during the minority of Henry, and the death of Gloucester, the good Duke Humphrey. The character of Cardinal Beaufort is the most prominent in the group: the account of his death is one of our author's master-pieces. So is the speech of Gloucester to the nobles on the loss of the provinces of France by the King's marriage with Margaret of Anjou. The pretensions and growing ambition of the Duke of York, the father of Richard III. are also very ably developed. Among the episodes, the tragi-comedy of Jack Cade, and the detection of the impostor Simeon are truly edifying.

The third part describes Henry's loss of his crown: his death takes place in the last act, which is usually thrust into the common acting play of *Richard III.* The character of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard, is here very powerfully commenced, and his dangerous designs and long-reaching ambition are fully described in his soliloquy in the third act, beginning, "Ay, Edward will use women honourably." Henry VI. is drawn as distinctly as his high-spirited Queen, and notwithstanding the very mean figure which Henry makes as a king, we still feel more respect for him than for his wife.

We have already observed that Shakspear was scarcely more remarkable for the force and marked contrasts of his characters than for the truth and subtlety with which he has distinguished those which approached the nearest to each other. For instance, the soul of Othello is hardly more distinct from that of Iago than that of Desdemona is shewn to be from Emilia's; the ambition of Macbeth is as distinct from the ambition of Richard III. as it is from the meekness of Duncan;—the real madness of Lear is as different from the feigned madness of Edgar* as from the babbling of the fool;—the contrast between wit and folly in Falstaff and Shallow is not more characteristic though more obvious than the gradations of folly, loquacious or reserved, in Shallow and Silence;—and again, the gallantry of Prince Henry is as little confounded with that of Hotspur as with the cowardice of Falstaff, or as the sensual and philosophic cowardice of the Knight is with the pitiful and cringing cowardice of Parolles. All these several personages were as different in Shakspear as they would have been in themselves: his imagination borrowed from the life, and every circumstance, object, motive, passion, operated there as it would in reality, and produced a world of men and women as distinct, as true and as various as those that exist in nature. The peculiar property of Shakspear's imagination was this truth, accompanied with the unconsciousness of nature: indeed, imagination to be perfect must be unconscious, at least in production; for nature is so.—We shall attempt one example more in the characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons were so nearly alike, that they would have been completely confounded by a common-place poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakspear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power, which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been king, and is glad to be rid of the power with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary,—proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation.—Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it, than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knightening a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice—

"Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right."

Richard II. in the first speeches of the play betrays his real character. In the first alarm of his pride, on hearing of Bolingbroke's rebellion, before his presumption has met with any check, he exclaims—

* There is another instance of the same distinction in Hamlet and Ophelia. Hamlet's pretended madness would make a very good real madness in any other author.

"Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall fault her under proud rebellious arms.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly man cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the
right."

Yet, notwithstanding this royal confession of faith,
on the very first news of actual disaster, all his conceit
of himself as the peculiar favourite of Providence
vanishes into air.

"But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride."

Immediately after, however, recollecting that "cheap
defence" of the divinity of kings which is to be found
in opinion, he is for arming his name against his
enemies.

"Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleep'st;
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name: a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory."

King Henry does not make any such vapouring resistance
to the loss of his crown, but lets it slip from off
his head as a weight which he is neither able nor
willing to bear; stands quietly by to see the issue of
the contest for his kingdom, as if it were a game at
push-pin, and is pleased when the odds prove against
him.

When Richard first hears of the death of his favourites,
Bushy, Bagot, and the rest, he indignantly rejects
all idea of any further efforts, and only indulges in the
extravagant impatience of his grief and his despair, in
that fine speech which has been so often quoted:—

"Aumerle. Where is the duke my father, with
his power?"

K. RICHARD. No matter where: of comfort no
man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's.
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossessed;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp!
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bore through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends, like you;—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?"

There is as little sincerity afterwards in his affected
resignation to his fate, as there is fortitude in this ex-
aggerated picture of his misfortunes before they have
happened.

When Northumberland comes back with the message
from Bolingbroke, he exclaims, anticipating the result,—

"What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? O' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alm's-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave—
A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

How differently is all this expressed in King Henry's
soliloquy during the battle with Edward's party:—

"This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down;
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all whences I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so.
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times;
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn,
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So many minutes, hours, weeks, months, and years
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherds homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treasous wait on him."

This is a true and beautiful description of a naturally
quiet and contented disposition, and not, like the former,
the splenetic effusion of disappointed ambition.

In the last scene of Richard II. his despair lends
him courage: he beats the keeper, slays two of his
assassins, and dies with imprecations in his mouth
against Sir Pierce Exton, who "had staggered his royal
person." Henry, when he is seized by the deer-
stealers, only reads them a moral lecture on the duty of
allegiance and the sanctity of an oath; and, when
stabbed by Gloucester in the Tower, reproaches him
with his crimes, but pardons him his own death.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(Continued from No. LXII.)

THERE was something so peculiarly characteristic, and
(for lack of a better word) *interesting*, in the per-
sonal appearance of Charles Lamb, that the want of
an adequate portrait of him is greatly to be regretted.

It is a remarkable fact, that we have no tolerable
portraits, much less any adequate ones, of nine-tenths
of the distinguished men of our own day. Though,
upon the whole, Art was never in so creditable a con-
dition among us as it has been during the last quarter
of a century—and especially the portrait department
of it—yet we may look in vain for anything like
worthy effigies of the men who have illustrated that
period to a degree that was never before equalled in
our annals. And this while the press literally teems
with *imaginary* portraits, culled from every possible
source, and executed in a manner that leaves nothing
to wish for—except the only thing worth wishing for
at all in a portrait—the truth! At the moment, we
do not call to mind a single worthy representation of
any one of our great poets or prose writers, only
excepting Boxall's portrait of Wordsworth, engraved
in mezzotint by Bromley. The only means which
the general public have, whereby to judge of the out-
ward appearance of their most popular writers and
instructors, are the various series of mere *ébauches*,
which have appeared in certain of the periodical works
of the day: and even of those, half have been, in a
great degree, as "imaginary" as the "Byron Beauties"
or the "Gallery of the Graces"; and of the other
half, many have been mere caricatures, and not a few,
mere "historical recollections" of what the originals
were, before anybody cared anything about them!

Of Lamb there have been three or four miserable
attempts at portraiture: the last (that in "Fraser's
Magazine") the most miserable of all. By many
degrees the best—or rather the least unsatisfactory—
was one that appeared in the Suffolk street Exhi-
bition, some five or six years ago, by an artist named
(I think) Meyer. There was a general resemblance

to the form and look of the face—what is called by
courtesy a "likeness";—but as to the high and various
intellectual characteristics of it, they were wholly
wanting; no less than the general and individual ex-
pressions; and in their place we had one of those
amiable nonentities, so aptly described as "portrait
of a gentleman." Let those who have ever seen
Charles Lamb "in his habit as he lived," conceive
him figuring in a public exhibition, under the above
designation!

Those who have not seen him, and who neverthe-
less know enough of him, through his exquisite writ-
ings, to feel an interest in these desultory recollections,
will doubtless expect me to describe his person. But
I fear that when I have done so as distinctly as I can,
they will know not much more about him than they
may have learned by looking on the would-be effigies
of him alluded to above. But at least they will
learn something different; so I will make the at-
tempt.

I do not know whether Lamb had any oriental
blood in his veins; but I cannot help thinking, that
by far the most marked characteristic of his head
was a *Jewish* look, which pervaded every part of it,
even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and
the black and crisp hair standing off loosely from
the head, as if every single hair was independent of
the rest. His nose, too, was large and slightly
hooked, and his chin rounded and elevated to corre-
spond. Thus much of form merely. For intellec-
tual character and expression a finer face was never
seen, or one more fully, however vaguely, correspond-
ing with the mind whose features were marked upon
it. There was something *Rabbinical* about it, yet
blended with a mingled sadness and sweetness, which
gave to it an effect quite peculiar, yet in all respects
pleasing. There was the gravity of learning and
knowledge, without the slightest tinge of their usual
assumption and affectation; the intensity and the
elevation of genius, without any of its pretension or
its oddity; there was the sadness of high thought
and baffled aspirations, but none of the severity and
the spirit of scorn and contempt that these are so
apt to engender. Above all, there was a pervading
sweetness and gentleness of general expression, which
went straight to the heart of everyone who looked on
it; and not the less so, perhaps, that it bore about it
an air, a something, seeming to tell that it was,—not
put on—for nothing would be more unjust than to
charge Lamb with assuming anything, even a virtue,
which he did not feel,—but preserved and persevered
in, spite of opposing and contradictory feelings within,
that struggled (in vain) for mastery. It was some-
thing to remind you of the painful smile that disease
and agony will sometimes put on, to conceal their
pangs from the observance of those they love.

I feel it a very difficult and delicate task to speak
of this peculiar feature in Lamb's physiognomy; and
the more so that (from not having seen or heard it
noticed by others) I am by no means sure of meeting
with an accordance in the opinions, or rather the
feelings, of those who knew him as well, or even bet-
ter, than I did. But I am sure that the peculiarity
I speak of was there, and therefore I venture to per-
severe in alluding to it for a moment longer, with a
view to its seeming explanation. The truth then is,
that Lamb was what is by no means so contradictory
or so uncommon a character as the inobservant may
deem it: he was a most gentle, amiable, and tender-
hearted—*misanthrope*! He hated or despised men
with his mind and judgment, in proportion as (and
precisely because) he loved and yearned towards them
in his heart; and, individually, he loved those best
whom everybody else hated. He generally through
life had two or three especial *pets*, who were always
the most disagreeable people in the world—to the
world; and to be taken into his favour and pro-
tection, you had only to get discarded, defamed, and
shunned by everybody else. If I may venture so to
express myself, there was, in Lamb's eyes, a sort of
virtue in sin and its ill consequences to the sinner.
He seemed to open his arms and his heart to "the
rejected and reviled of men," in a spirit kindred at
least with that of the Deity himself.

Returning to the description of Lamb's personal
appearance—his head, which I have endeavoured to
characterise, might have belonged to a full-sized per-
son; but it was set upon a figure so *petite*, that it
acquired an appearance of inappropriate largeness by
the comparison. This was the only striking pecu-
liarity in the *ensemble* of his figure. In other respects
it was well formed, though so slight and delicate as
to bear the appearance of extreme sparseness, as if
that of a man air-fed, instead of one rejoicing in an
avowed predilection for roast pig! Its only defect
was, that the legs were even too slight for the slight
body; and that was only observable from the pecu-
liar costume of the owner.

Lamb had laid aside his *snuff-coloured* suit before
I knew him; and during the last ten years of his
life, he was never seen in anything but a suit of uni-
form black, with knee breeches, and (sometimes, not
always) gaiters of the same to meet them. Probably
he was induced to admit this innovation by a sort
of compromise with his affection for the colour of
other years;—for though his dress was "black" in

name and nature, he always contrived that it should exist only in a state of rusty brown. I can scarcely account for his having left off his suit of the latter colour, especially as he had stuck to it through the daily ordeal, for twenty years, of the Long Room of the East India House. He abandoned it, I think, somewhere about the time his friend Wordsworth put forth his *ideal* of the personal appearance of a poet; which may perchance have been drawn, in part, from Lamb himself, — so exact is the likeness in several leading particulars.

"But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown,
Who murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own?"

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him e'er to you
He will seem worthy of your love," &c. &c.

Now Lamb did not like to be taken for a poet, or for anything else; so, latterly, he always dressed in a way to be taken, by ninety-nine people out of every hundred who looked upon him, for a Methodist preacher! the last person in the world that he really was like! This was one of his little wilful contradictions.

* See 'A Poet's Epitaph,' in the 'Lyrical Ballads.'

FINE ARTS.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir E. Brydges. With Imaginative Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Vol. II. Macrone.

WHY Mr Turner's illustrations are so particularly described as imaginative it is difficult to guess. Any designs are to be supposed to possess some amount of imagination, inasmuch as they fulfil a part of the poet's creation that is beyond the means with which he works—the visible image; for if the artist do not to a certain extent partake in the poet's inspiration, his *bodying forth* will not coincide with the author's, and will be no illustration, but only an incumbrance to the text. Just as an artist must see something of the same country with a traveller whose works he would illustrate; or, unless he copies other men, he will be quite at sea, and give us, perhaps, English, French, or Dutch figures to illustrate travels in Asia.

It is therefore tautological to talk of *imaginative* designs, unless, indeed, the artist takes up some matter of fact text, and runs a commentary of fanciful designs upon it, not obviously suggested by the language itself. But is this the way to treat the work of a great poet? or has Mr Turner so treated the *Paradise Lost*? On the contrary, imagination is the most glaring deficiency in the design before us—'The Expulsion from Paradise!' There is, it is true, prodigious effort, and a bold defiance of the ordinary rules for making a fine picture furnished by all theory and practice; no attempt at unity or concentration; on the other hand, no attempt at size or aggrandizing mystery. The only power exhibited is that of obtaining a considerable effect of brilliancy; and thus a bright flood of light is thrown upon a crowded, disorderly assemblage of petty details, too distinct and pretty for even a spurious grandeur, too vague and careless for truth. We have spoken of the 'Expulsion from Paradise,' with regard to the whole scene. As a design it is difficult to handle, it is so scattered and fragile: a splendid gateway is the groundwork of the grouping, not so large or magnificent but that some luxurious Emperor might have had the like to his pleasure-grounds; below are the expelled pair driven forth by a *quasi* angel; above is the flaming sword, looking very little and pretty, and out of place, in a cabinet-maker's style of ornament; and here and there are a few angels, male and female, helmeted and robed in most theatrical style, suitable to a burlesque at the Olympic, but most unfit to bind up with the gigantic, severe sublimities of the *Paradise Lost*. The good thing in the design is the landscape behind, which is *mannered*, but certainly a beautiful scene, not unlike the view from Richmond Terrace.

Romney's design of 'Milton dictating to his Daughters' is impressive, from the broad light and shade, and the simplicity of the general treatment.

The figure of Milton is disposed a little too much in the melodramatic fashion, with a mantle shouldered up to the chin; and the girls' countenances, perhaps, answer too well to certain apocryphal traditions of their having been far from agreeable; but nothing can be better than the simplicity of the grouping, and the broad and solemn masses of light and shade. The artist felt the character of the poem while he thus depicted its creation. This is to illustrate.

Brambletye House. By Horace Smith. Vol. II. Colburn.

The two illustrations in this number are clever, but the execution of the engraving is such as to mar them considerably; it is black, heavy, and *cut up*. The old man in the vignette is very good; and the frontispiece, in a design which very aptly tells the story, includes a faithful portrait of that thoughtless old child, Isaac Walton. We omitted to mention in our notice of the first volume of this new edition of 'Brambletye House,' that Mr Horace Smith has given an interesting account of his first acquaintance with Mr Colburn as a publisher, highly honourable to both parties.

History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell, F.L.S. Parts IV. V. Longman and Co.

This excellent work as much delights us with the beautiful execution of its many wood-cuts as it did at first. We are particularly pleased with the variety in the *manner*; the style of execution being chosen that is best adapted to the imitation of the immediate object of each; the bright, sharp, firm surface of the Lead, the dowdy John Dory, and the black, slippery Blackfish, and the spectral Vagmuer, are capital instances of this variety of execution, and of the spirit and delicacy of all.

In part V. the tail-pieces are more numerous and more varied; and are highly amusing and pleasant. The sly connoisseur in fish, at page 288, the fish-woman, burly and lax-gowned, the view on the Arun, so calm and solitary, and the fishermen and boats, at page 229, are so many piquant and agreeable amplifications of the text, supplying, as illustrations should do, little bits of collateral information as we go.

TABLE TALK.

— There is nothing more allied to the barbarous and savage character, then sullenness, concealment, and reserve.—*Godwin*.

CRITICISM ON MRS RADCLIFFE'S 'ITALIAN.'

Finished the 'Italian.' This work will maintain, but not extend, Mrs Radcliffe's fame as a novelist. It has the same excellences and defects as her former compositions. In the vivid exhibition of the picturesque of nature, in the delineation of strong and dark character, in the excitation of horror by physical and moral agency, I know not that Mrs R. has any equal; but she languishes in spinning the thread of the narrative on which these excellences are strung; natural characters and incidents are feebly represented; probability is often strained without sufficient compensation; and the development of those mysteries which have kept us so long stretched on the rack of terror and impatience (an unthankful task at best) is lame and impotent. Eleanor and Vivaldi, either in their separate character or mutual attachment (a wire drawn theme), touched me but little; but I confess myself to have been deeply and violently impressed by the midnight examination of the corpse of Bianchi; by the atrocious conference of Schedoni and the Marchesa, in the dim twilight of the church of San Nicolo; and, above all, by what passed in Spalatro's solitary dwelling on the sea-shore.—*Diary of a Lover of Literature*.—[This striking romance is now to be had entire, in Mr Limbird's edition, for two shillings! with wood-cuts to boot.]

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

The tomb of the Mantuan poet is situated on the height of Pausilippo: it consists of a small structure shaped like a rude hut, but evidently of ancient date. It is overgrown with rich vegetation; and the wild aloe and prickly pear issue from its clefts, and ivy and other parasites climb up its sides, and cling thickly to its summits. A dark rock rises immediately before; it is shut in, secluded and tranquil; but at the distance of only a few yards, a short ascent leads to the top of the hill, where the whole of the bay of Naples opens itself to the eye. The exceeding beauty of this scene fills every gazer with delight; the wide-

spread sea is adorned by various islands, and by picturesque promontories which shut in secluded bays; the earth is varied by hills, dells, and lakes, by towering heights and woody ravines; the sky, serenely though darkly blue, imparts matchless hue to the elements beneath. Nature presents her most enchanting aspect; and the voice of human genius breathing from the silent tomb, speaks of the influence of the imagination of man, and of the power which he possesses to communicate his ideas in all their warmth and beauty to his fellow-creatures.—*Lives of Eminent Italians*.

THE RAISER OF THE FAMILY.

[Now that people wear their hair plain, there is something ludicrous as well as touching in the incident of the hair-powder. But Nature carries everything before it; and the old grandmother is venerable and affecting.]—Towards evening Wilhelm took his son to walk in the fields. He spoke much with him on his past and future fate, just in the manner of old Stilling; so that his son was penetrated with reverence. At length Wilhelm said, "Hear me my son; thou must visit thy grandmother; she suffers much from the rheumatism, and will not live much longer. She very often speaks of thee, and wishes to converse with thee once more before her end." The next morning, therefore, Stilling rose and went to Tiefenbach. How he felt when he saw the old castle, *der hitzige Steim*, the Giller, and the village itself! His sensations were inexpressible; he examined himself, and found, that if he were able, he would gladly exchange his present state for that of his youth. He arrived in a short time, at the village; all the people ran out, so that he came, as it were, in a crowd, to the venerable house of his father. He felt a thrill through him as he entered, just as if he had been entering some ancient temple. His aunt Elizabeth was in the kitchen; she ran to him, gave him her hand, and led him into the parlour; there lay his grandmother, *Margaret Stilling*, in a neat little bed by the wall, near the stove; her chest was drawn upwards, the joints in her hand were swollen, and the fingers stiff and turned inwards. Stilling ran to her, took hold of her hand, and said with tears in his eyes, "How are you, my dear grandmother? It rejoices my soul to see you again." She strove to raise herself up, but sank powerless back again. "Ah!" cried she, "I can still hear and feel thee before my bed; come nearer to me, that I may feel thy face again!" Stilling bent himself towards her; she felt his forehead, and in doing this her stiff fingers came in contact with his hair, and she felt the powder. "So," said she, "thou art the first of our family that has worn powder; but be not the first to forget integrity and the fear of God!"—*Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling*.

A PIECE OF TRUE CRITICISM.

Here, I see, is a landscape of Ruysdael; how different from his ordinary subjects, and yet how completely in his best style! Unnumbered times that prospect has haunted me. Could you have conceived, without seeing it, that there is so much beauty in a flat extent of meadow, with a pool at one corner, and a humble church in the distance? How often does everyone look at a similar landscape, and turn away from it with indifference! A man of genius sees in it at a glance all that it really involves of beauty; and when he has created it anew upon his canvass, it remains for ever a portion of the more splendid region, towards which our thoughts habitually journey. Who can forget that glow of emerald in the centre, where the sunshine escapes out of the clouds! that glimmer on the water, and the clear tranquil shades over the rest of the prospect, through which the grey steeple lifts itself! That unpretending expanse of verdure belongs, does it not, Isabel? to the Eden, the Meru, the Isles of Asphodel, and the Fairy-land, which hover like evening clouds above our actual earth, and to which we constantly recur as to our evening home. To say so much of Claude is comparatively nothing; for by his enchanted seas, and sculptured palaces, and spiritual atmosphere, and fields visited of the gods, he evidently designed to produce this impression. But here is a fog-encircled Dutchman, snatching, he knew not wherefore, at every shred of natural beauty within his reach; and who, when he has gazed upon a patch of green grass, and a sky of broken cloud, exalts it into a province of the mind's imperishable kingdom.—*Arthur Co-ningby*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPECIMENS of the English Poets, No. VI, next week.

We are obliged to PHILOMATH, but if we inserted a paper of the kind sent us, we should hurt the feelings of many Correspondents, by the necessity of declining many similar to it.

If J. S. is a very young beginner indeed in Logic, he might commence with 'Pinnock's Catechism,' and afterwards go to the treatise by Dr Watts.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

NEW EDITION OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D.; with a Commentary by the Author of 'England and America.' In six vols. Vol. I. 12mo. London. 1835. Pp. 329. 5s.

If this were nothing more than a reprint of 'The Wealth of Nations,' the appearance of such a work in the cheap and popular mode of publication by periodical volumes, which has been hitherto employed almost exclusively in the case of works of light reading and entertainment, would be an event in literature worthy of notice, and that, considered as an indication, might afford some matter for remark. But at present we must give our attention not to Adam Smith, but to his new commentator. All that we shall say of the reprint is, that it is beyond comparison the handsomest, as well as the most easily read and handled of any we have. The bulk and form of the volume are those of a manual, or a book for the pocket, and the type, both of text and commentary, is as large and clear as any eye can desire. This edition of 'The Wealth of Nations' also contains Dugald Stewart's able and interesting account of the life and writings of the author, not abridged, as usual, but printed at length, together with a translation of the Abbé Garnier's useful little treatise, entitled 'A short view of the Doctrine of Smith compared with that of the French Economists.' Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Smith, engraved by Holl, from Tassie's medallion, the only original likeness that exists of this distinguished writer.

The commentary is given in the form of notes appended to the several chapters, and its quantity in the present volume is not much less than half that of the text.

In several respects this commentary is one of the most remarkable works the science of Political Economy has ever produced: in one respect it is, perhaps, the most remarkable. It will do more than even Adam Smith's great work to ventilate and dust the science. In his Preface the writer makes the following frank declaration, which will doubtless shock many, and startle more, but which the perusal of the volume will, we apprehend, abundantly justify to most people: "I am humbly, but very sincerely, of opinion, that the science of Political Economy is yet in its infancy. Even the alphabet of the science, —the meaning of every common term, whether used by the vulgar or by the most learned professors, is still unsettled. There is scarcely a term of any weight which is not employed by different persons, and even by the same person, to express different meanings; while the known principles of the science leave unexplained some of its most important phenomena." And let us add, that this is the case with every one of the moral sciences, without exception. What havoc might we not make on any system of ethics or metaphysics in existence by the application of this test of important phenomena which it leaves unexplained! In conformity with the expressions we have just quoted, the author afterwards says, in enumerating five objects he has particularly had in view in this commentary:—"My fourth object has been to warn the student in political economy against implicit faith in the doctrines of a science which yet wants a complete alphabet; to show how imperfect that science is, after all that has been done for it; and to indicate some questions of great moment, as it appears to me, concerning which next to nothing has been done. I offer the parts of my commentary which relate to this object, as a humble contribution towards the improvement of the science."

In matters of practical morality at least, the answer to the great question, what is Truth or Right? is almost universally, if not universally, The middle

term between two errors. Or more correctly, every truth produces two errors, flying off from it in opposite directions, and keeping at equal distances on each side of it. That is to say, to speak in the language of the mechanicians, the case is one, not of the combination, but of the resolution of forces; the middle line of truth is not the resultant diagonal of the parallelogram, but the two diverging sides are the produce of that middle line. Although, however, the errors may thus be said, in one sense, to be the offspring of the truth (just as every illusion must be the effect of something real), yet, in human speculation, the errors most frequently make their appearance first, and the truth seems to be produced or struck out, that is to say, is eventually discovered, by their opposition and collision. It is easy to see why this should be the case. The discovery of the error, that is of the partial truth, requires that only one side or half of the whole truth should be perceived. But the curious part of the process is the way in which the error or deviation on the right hand, giving rise in the first instance to an equivalent error on the left, brings men's minds eventually to the middle truth, and fixes them there. It seems to happen usually in this way. The first error shooting out from the truth, so as to form an angle with it, the farther its line is pursued, carries men farther away from the light, till they find themselves at length left half in the dark. It becomes plain, now, that they have been proceeding in a wrong direction, —and they very wisely abandon the track. But not quite so wisely, though perhaps naturally enough, —seeing that in all moral speculation we are drifted by winds and currents of imagination and passion, as well as guided by our reason, —having found that they were wrong in taking the path that led off to the right hand, they now, to mend the matter, set out anew in a correspondingly oblique direction towards the left; —because the north-east has failed them, they try the north-west. Using the terms with a popular latitude, as meaning, not the precise points of the compass technically so designated, but any points in the same quarters, there are numberless lines radiating in these lateral directions, but there is only one due north line. In other words, error is manifold, but truth is one. It is much more difficult to miss the former than to find the latter. Hence, in fact, the truth is in general only arrived at and discovered through a process of groping or gradual approximation —by the examination and rejection of one after another of errors lying on both sides of it, and, as it were, concealing it from our search.

There cannot be a better example of this common course which speculation takes, than is afforded by the history of what we may call the fundamental proposition of political economy, that which states what are the elements of production.

"The French economists, who invented the science of political economy," observes the author of the present commentary, (p. 233) "treated land as the only source of wealth: some of their successors in our day, carried away, it would seem, by Adam Smith's great discovery, that 'labour is the original purchase-money of all things,' have not even admitted land amongst the elements of production."

In fact, until very recently, the statement, or assumption, in all the modern treatises on Political Economy was, that the two and the only two elements of production were capital and labour. The author of the present commentary, in a former work, entitled 'England and America,' published only two or three years ago, was, we believe, the first who distinctly called attention to the importance of a third element, land, or, as he called it, by a more general expression, the field for the employment of capital. But the subject has nowhere been so systematically developed as it is in the volume before us. The deduction, as here given, is so perfect and beautiful,

that although we must injure it by the compression to which we are obliged to resort, we shall endeavour to lay an abstract of it before our readers.

The writer begins by stating that since the publication of the 'WEALTH OF NATIONS,' two principles or general truths have been discovered, which throw new and most important light on the subject of wages and profits.

The first of these is what is called the Principle of Population, which is, simply, that there is a tendency in population to increase beyond the means of subsistence.

The second principle is thus explained by the present writer; and we request the attention of the reader to the statement:—

"In the next place, during the process by which a society arrives at the utmost limit of its supply of food, a circumstance occurs, by which the amount of that part of the produce of capital and labour which is divided between capitalists and labourers, comes to be continually diminished. The owners of land, in a word, come to obtain a continually increasing portion of that produce. The continual increase of that share of the produce raised by capital and labour, which falls to the owners of land, will be explained by referring to what happens on one occasion when more capital and labour are employed with less return. In consequence of a certain increase of capital and people, capitalists are ready to invest their property with a smaller return. He who used to raise a hundred quarters of corn with a thousand pounds, is now ready to invest two thousand pounds on raising a hundred and fifty quarters. The second thousand pounds will produce only fifty quarters. But if one capitalist is content with fifty quarters as the return for a thousand pounds, competition will make all capitalists of the same mind with respect to all their capital; and their competition for the use of land will induce them to pay to the owner of land whatever return their capitals may bring above the ordinary rate of fifty quarters for a thousand pounds. Thus he who did employ a thousand pounds in raising a hundred quarters, will now raise a hundred and fifty quarters with two thousand pounds, and pay fifty quarters to the landlord. He will pay so much to the landlord, because, if he did not, some other would. This principle has been called the Theory of Rent."

This, it is to be observed, is a more comprehensive statement of what is called the Theory of Rent than has been given by any preceding writer, even including those by whom the theory was first broached. It explains not only the origin and progress of rent, but also, what has been in modern times one of the great puzzles of political economy, the cause of the diminution of the profits of capital as society advances. In fact, as we shall see presently, it resolves all the questions that can be raised respecting both high and low profits, and high and low wages:—

"The four following cases will describe all the common conditions of society, which exhibit different rates of profit and wages.

"First, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labourers, and a small proportion to the field of production. The United States and some old colonies are the example. In this case, wages are high in share, and in amount; profits being, though low in share, high in amount.

"Secondly, the case in which capital bears a large proportion to labour, and also a large proportion to the field of production. High wages and low profits will be the result. The principle of population forbids that this should be a very common case, but it has occurred nevertheless; as, for example, in France, towards the close of the revolutionary war, when the conscription had rendered labourers scarce, and in several countries after a pestilence.

"Thirdly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labourers, and also a small proportion to the field of production. Low wages and high profits will be the result; the produce divided being great, but the labourer's share very small. This is the case in nearly all countries where, with superabundance of labourers in proportion to capital, there is plenty of room for the employment of more capital without any decrease of productiveness. Bengal is a good example, where capital has obtained enormous profits, while wages were at the rate of about twopence a day. This case of high profits with low wages, and the preceding case of low profits with high wages, would be, if profits and wages depended on nothing but the division of produce, the only cases that could by possibility occur.

Lastly, the case in which capital bears a small proportion to labour, and a great proportion to the field of production. This case gives low wages, and low profits also; that part of the produce of industry which is divided between labourers and capitalists, being reduced to so small an amount, that the capitalist, after giving the labourer but just enough to provide him with a motive for working, reserves for himself but just enough to provide him with a motive for continuing to employ labourers. There have been many examples of this case, as in Genoa, Venice, and Holland, but never was there a more striking one than that of Great Britain at the present time.

"Without, however, bearing in mind that all these are cases of mere proportion; that wages and profits depend, not on any absolute quantities of people, capital, and land, but on various proportions, whether the absolute quantities be increasing or diminishing, amongst the three elements of production; without attending to the distinction between positive and relative, we shall not arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the present state of Great Britain with regard to wages and profits.

"Political economists, following Adam Smith, describe three different states of society—the progressive, the stationary, and the retrograde. They call progressive, that state of society in which the field of production, and capital, increase as fast as population can possibly increase; so that profits and wages, both, being constantly high, the people do actually increase as fast as possible. They call stationary, that condition of society in which there is no further room for the productive employment of industry; in which case profits and wages are constantly as low as possible. They call the retrograde state of society, that in which the field of production constantly decreases; in which case, not only are profits and wages constantly at the minimum, but every year some capitalists are reduced to the state of labourers; and yet the labouring class becomes less and less numerous. The Venetian republic, and some of the Hanseatic towns, while they were gradually losing the trade by which they had obtained food, were examples of this case. But there appears to be a fourth state of society which, though stationary as to profits and wages, is progressive as to the extent of the field of production, the amount of capital, and the number of people. The field, the capital, and the people may increase, yet if the enlargement of the field be not more rapid than the increase of capital, no alteration of profits will occur; nor any alteration of wages, unless the field be enlarged and capital increased, both at the same time, more rapidly than people shall increase. All the elements of wealth may increase absolutely, but without any change in their proportions to each other. Though, in such a state of society, both capitalists and labourers will increase in number, though new means of communication will be formed, though fresh towns will arise, though the increase of population and of national wealth may be striking, nevertheless the rate of profit may still be very low, the rate of wages but just sufficient to permit an increase of labourers, the majority of capitalists in a state of uneasiness, and the whole body of labourers miserable and degraded. Nay, along with increasing national wealth, the state of capitalists and labourers may grow worse, provided that the field of production be not extended at the same rate with the increase of people and capital. This appears to have happened in Great Britain during the last twenty years. War ceasing, great masses of capital were no longer wasted every year, but were accumulated at home; new modes of investment were discovered; the number of capitalists was visibly augmented; signs of increasing wealth appeared in all directions. But as the field of production was not enlarged so rapidly as capital increased, more and more competition amongst capitalists made the condition of the greater number worse than that of the smaller number. In like manner, with respect to the labouring classes, together with the peace, which removed one check to the increase of people, came great improvements in medicine, and especially in treating the diseases of children, which removed other checks, and thus the common people increased faster than the field of employment for increasing capital. This change in the proportion between two of the elements of production, and the third, or chief element, while all three were rapidly increasing, explains the coincidence of rapidly increasing national wealth, with the greater uneasiness of the middle class, and the greater misery of the bulk of the people. It accounts for the loud outcry about pauperism and distress, in the midst of wealth so great, as to be without a parallel in the history of the world."

From the fact, it is afterwards observed, of the superabundance of capital, not in proportion to labourers, but in proportion to the means of profitable investment, some conclusions of the utmost practical moment may be deduced.

"If all the British men and money that were wasted during the last war; if, further, the hundreds of millions of capital which have been lent to Foreign Governments and lost in distant speculations during the peace, together with the hundreds of thousands of people who have emigrated from Britain during the last twenty years; if this prodigious mass of capital and people

should be suddenly recalled, what would become of it? Inevitably, considering that the English field of production is full to overflowing,—so full, that every year witnesses the departure to other countries of a great amount of capital, and a great number of people,—somehow or other, an amount of capital and a number of people equal to the mass which had been recalled, must be speedily destroyed; but not, let us observe, until after a period of aggravated suffering amongst the whole body of small capitalists, and the whole of the labouring class. In what way, by what process would take place the destruction of that portion of capital for which there was no profitable employment? By means of investment without profit, or rather with loss; by means of undertakings in which the capital would be what is called "sunk;" by means of "selling at less than prime cost." Then should we see a terrible aggravation of that process by which, even at present, profit is turned into loss, and capital is effectually kept down to the limit of investment. If the national debt of Britain were paid off with available capital, by tribute from foreign countries, and if the amount of available capital were further increased by a total remission of taxes, the competition of British capitalists, one with another, would be more severe than ever; and along with so great an increase of national wealth, there would be more and more 'distress;' in that case, it seems probable that the supposition of Mr Mill would come to pass, and 'none but the owners of large masses of capital would be able to derive from it the means of subsistence.' In that case, however, the people of Britain would see the true cause of their 'distress;' we should hear no more of the burthen of taxation, and of relieving this or that interest by the repeal of some tax; the Chancellor of the Exchequer would no longer gravely talk of the fairness of relieving tiles, after having relieved bricks, and of doing something for soap, after having done so much for beer and leather. Nor would the town and country interests—on one side the farmers, on the other the manufacturers and dealers—be diverted, by the eager pursuit on either side of some peculiar but impossible relief, from seeking a general remedy for general uneasiness. In that case, provided, that is, the whole burthen of taxation were removed, and Britain were richer than at present by eight hundred millions, all classes would see what was, and therefore what had been, the cause of their distress. But what is the cause of the present low rate of profit in all employments alike, may be discovered by investigation without a miracle. If the view here taken of that cause should turn out to be correct, all the industrious classes of Britain will combine to raise the general rate of profit, by enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour."

Dr. Chalmers, who has lately pointed out the inconveniences arising from a superabundance of capital, in a most striking manner, in his work entitled, *On Political Economy in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society*—a work which, as the present writer remarks, "so abounds in novel and important speculations, that no one who has derived his knowledge from other books on political economy can truly suppose that he has mastered that science, even in its present imperfect state"—has proposed as a check upon the growth of the evil in question, that capitalists should, individually, save less and spend more. He urges that, as the labouring classes can only effectually resist the decline of wages by refraining from over-population, so capitalists can only resist the decline of profits by refraining from over-speculation—by each, as he elsewhere expresses it, expending more of his capital on personal or family indulgences, and reserving less of it for additional outlay on his business. In this parallel, however, and the proposal deduced from it,—which, in the work before us, is approved of as being "not only a reasonable one, but the only one which points out a way of escape from the pauperism of labourers and the distress of capitalists—the only one, that is, provided there be no way of causing the field of employment for capital and labour to increase as fast as population and capital"—an important distinction seems to be overlooked, which exists between superabundance of population and superabundance of capital. Whatever inconveniences the latter may bring upon the community at large, an individual is certainly, in all cases, better off with a large capital than with a small one. A capital, however large, is never a burthen to its possessor, as a large family may be. We want altogether, therefore, in regard to capital, the motive which we may reasonably expect to act upon individuals in inducing them to refrain from over-population. That imprudence brings along with it a punishment to the individual committing it; the rapid production and accumulation of capital, what-

ever inconveniences it may entail upon the state, entails upon the producer and accumulator none. The larger his capital, and the faster he can increase it, the better for him, always.

The views of the present writer look in a different direction,—to the possibility, namely, of enlarging the field for the employment of capital and labour. Provided the means of such enlargement exist, he remarks, "and may be readily employed, all will allow that the time is not yet come for seeking to diminish either capital or population. The two means which do exist for enlarging the field of employment for British capital and labour, are Colonization, and the Importation of Food. Whether those measures are likely to prove adequate, as means to the end in view, will be considered in another place."

Next to this inquiry into the elements of production, which occurs in the latter part of the volume, the most important portion of the present commentary is the note on Smith's first chapter, the well known dissertation on the principle which he has called the Division of Labour. With more precision of phraseology, the author of the note prefers to call the principle the Division of Employments,—reserving the term labour to denote, not the operation, which Smith often uses it for, but the power actually exerted by the agent. In this use of the terms it is evident that in manufactures and all the other operations of an advanced state of society, there is both a division of employments, and a combination of labour. The present writer thinks that from his unfortunate adoption of the term "labour" in the less exact sense, Smith was led nearly to overlook the latter of these two things, which, however, is really the more important of the two, and is, moreover, that which gives rise to the division of employments. The practical conclusions to be drawn from a consideration of the principle of co-operation are here developed in a most ingenious and striking manner. We can only now afford to extract one or two paragraphs from the disquisition,—though we wish we had room for the whole. The following is the first conclusion stated:—

"1. The inhabitants of England, it may be presumed, obtain more and better food than the inhabitants of France; yet all the food of England is said to be raised by the labour of less than one-third of the people, while more than two-thirds of the people of France are supposed to be engaged in raising food for the whole. If it be so, then, in France, only three people are supported by the labour of two cultivators, while, in England, the labour of two cultivators supports six people; English agriculture is twice as productive as French agriculture. To what are we to attribute this remarkable difference? It has been attributed, and with much appearance of truth, to the French law of division, which, at the death of a French proprietor, separates his land into properties as numerous as his children, and which has thus established, in the greater part of France, a system of agriculture resembling that which is practised in the greater part of Ireland, where agricultural industry does not appear to be more productive than it is in France. In both countries, the greater part of the land is divided into very small farms, or rather separate fields. But this division of the land into small holdings does not in any degree affect its natural fertility; nay, the soils of France and Ireland are considered to be more fertile than the soil of England. In what way, then,—by what process is it, that this division of the land into a great number of small holdings, has so injurious an effect on the productiveness of agricultural labour in Ireland and France? By means, it would appear, of dividing the greater part of the agricultural labour of those countries into fractions as numerous as the labourers. A small cultivator in France, like a cottier in Ireland, works by himself, or at most with no other assistance than that of his children. Not only is his labour separated from that of all other workmen, but it is necessarily divided again amongst the several employments; few though they be, which must be pursued before the scanty wants of his family can be supplied: he practises the very reverse of the two great causes of improvement in the productiveness of labour, which are—combination of labour and division of employments; he divides labour into the smallest fraction into which it can be divided, viz., a single pair of hands; and he combines as many different employments as he has time to engage in. Only a portion of his labour is bestowed on agriculture, so that he wants the skill of one, the whole of whose labour is applied, by means of the division of employments, to a single object; and that portion of his unskilful labour, never being assisted by the labour of any other person, is always as weak as possible. The result is, that he produces but little, if

any, more food, than is sufficient for the support of his own family, even according to the miserable way in which such families are generally supported.

"In England, on the other hand, the greater part of the land is held in such large pieces, that the cultivation of each piece requires the employment of a considerable number of hands. On an English farm, speaking generally, many labourers help each other, not only in those simple operations where all the work is alike, but in those complex ones which admit of division of employments. On an English farm, therefore, labour is applied not only with the maximum of power, but also with the maximum of skill; and the quantity of food raised consequently is, in proportion to the number of labourers, as great as our present knowledge of agriculture permits. It is by means of co-operation, one cannot repeat it too often, that the agricultural labour of England is twice as productive as that of France or Ireland; or, to reverse the proposition, it is by means of a minute division of labour that the agricultural labour of France or Ireland is but half as productive as that of England.

"Two-thirds of the people of France or Ireland being engaged in agriculture, only one-third is set free, as it were, to engage in other occupations; whereas in England, all the food of the people being produced by one-third of their number, two-thirds of the people may be occupied in pursuits not agricultural. The obvious superiority of England to France or Ireland, in respect to general wealth, is thus satisfactorily explained. This consideration also explains by what process it is, that the foreign commerce of England—her power of exchanging objects of home production for useful or agreeable objects, which are produced in distant countries—is so very much greater, having regard to numbers in each country, than that of Ireland or France.

"But what are the useful conclusions that we are here to draw from observing in France some of the bad effects of division of labour, and in England some of the admirable effects of co-operation? They are, in the first place, that a constant misapplication of the term 'division of labour,' seems to have kept out of sight a more important principle than that of the 'division of employments; and that the sooner we can learn to use the term 'division of labour' in its proper sense, the sooner shall we perceive all the value of the principle of co-operation. Secondly, that in one respect, at least, it is in the power, and seems to be within the province of legislation, to interfere with the operations of political economy; in so far, that is, as to prevent or correct the hurtful effects on the production of national wealth, which arise from a minute subdivision of landed property, whether held in fee or on lease."

The author's second conclusion is, that "the division of landed property, or any other cause that produces a minute subdivision of labour, tends to check the intellectual and moral improvement of the people who are governed by it." This proposition is illustrated by a reference to the present condition of the great mass of the people in France and Ireland, as well as in China and Turkey.

"In all those countries," it is observed, "the greater part of society consists of a mere multiplication of one grower of food. Such monotonous, ignorant, and stagnant masses, in which whatever affects one man affects all in the same way, are well suited to be governed by one central, and, as regards them, wholly irresponsible authority. At the present time, a single man leads or governs the greater part of the Irish people,—those of them who are precisely like each other,—as if he held them all by one unbroken string. The facility with which the central and irresponsible governments of China, Turkey, and France, are carried on, as well as the passionate but unreasoning love of equality which, in Turkey and France, at least, seems to be not inconsistent with a slavish respect for the worst kind of authority, may be traced, it would appear, to the operation of causes in political economy. Here is one proof amongst many, that political economy is not, as it has been termed by a modern poet and novelist of reputation, "a material science;" it is a science which relates to the intellectual and moral condition of nations, as well as to their physical enjoyments; to philosophy in general, as well as to the useful arts; to the state of literature as well as of manufactures; to the character of men and governments, as well as to objects of a purely material kind. This is the useful conclusion that may be drawn from the above enquiry; for if it were generally admitted to be true, the first chapter in the book of science would be given to political economy."

The writer next proceeds to consider several of the popular projects, or private crotchets, which have been lately brought forward in various countries of Europe, and in our own more especially, for bettering the condition of the majority of the people—such as an agrarian law, spade husbandry, the allotment system, home colonies, and what he calls the very curious scheme of Mr Robert Owen." "Against all these

proposals," he observes, "the principle of combination of labour furnishes a conclusive argument." We cannot, however, give his illustrations. For the other conclusions deduced from the principle, we must also refer our readers to the volume itself. They will find the discussion respecting the origin and progress of Slavery, and the conditions necessary for its abolition, especially curious and important.

THE LATE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By John Britton and Edward W. Brayley. 8vo. London. 1835.

We have received six numbers of this interesting publication, which has been called forth by the fire that so lately reduced so large a portion of the ancient buildings it illustrates to ruins, and swept away the walls and towers on which hung so many historic recollections. The lovers of our national antiquities are indebted to the present writers for the promptitude with which they have come forward to supply, as far as it can be done, the loss thus sustained, by preserving accurate representations of the edifices and apartments that have been destroyed, both as they existed immediately before the conflagration, and in the state in which they remains now appear. This is the best thing that can be done in the case of that which it is not possible actually to restore. Where the thing lost, indeed, although substantial and palpable, was only inanimate, the effigy is no bad substitute for the reality. In one respect the former has greatly the advantage; inasmuch as the pleasure of contemplating what is beautiful or interesting, is, by means of the pencil and the graver, made common to an infinitely greater number of persons than could have had an opportunity of beholding the actual object. It is transferred to those living at ever so great a distance from the object, either in place or in time. No fire or other calamity can ever obliterate the Chapel of St Stephen, or the Painted Chamber, we have before us here. The printing press has placed these venerable halls, as it places everything else which it touches, beyond the reach of destruction or decay. In this new form of existence, the ancient palace of Westminster will be the same in all its parts a thousand years hence, as it is now.

The present work when completed is to contain forty plates, of which twenty-five are given in the six numbers already published. Of these the following is a list, in the order in which they have been published: 1. Title-page, being part of the 'Interior of St Stephen's Chapel,' Niche from the Oratory in the Cloister, and 'Effigies from the Hall.' 2. 'View in the Upper Cloister in St Stephen's Chapel.' 3. 'View in the Painted Chamber, looking West.' 4. 'Westminster Hall,' compartment at the S E angle. 5. 'Plan of the Palatial, Parliamentary, and other Public Buildings.' 6. 'Three Windows in the South end of the Court of Requests.' 7. 'View of East End of St Stephen's Chapel.' 8. 'View of Vestibule, West End of ditto.' 9. 'Section of St Stephen's Chapel,' and 'Crypt as fitted up for the House of Commons, 1834.' 10. 'Painted Chamber, looking East.' 11. 'Stairs at South East angle of ditto.' 12. 'Exterior of ditto,' and 'South side of St Stephen's Chapel.' 13. 'Plan of the South half of the Crypt,' and 'Plan of the Northern half of St Stephen's Chapel.' 14. 'View of the Long Gallery in ruins, looking North.' 15. 'View of the South Walk of the Cloisters.' 16. 'View of the Exterior of the House of Lords, &c., after the fire.' 17. 'Interior of St Stephen's Chapel, looking East.' 18. 'New House of Commons, March 1835.' 19. 'New House of Lords, March 1835.' 20. 'Ground Plan of Chantry Chapel,' and 'Part of Cloister, St Stephen's Chapel.' 21. 'Section of ditto from North to South.' 22. 'View of Buttress and part of East side of Westminster Hall.' 23. 'View in the Star Chamber.' 24. 'View of the Chantry Chapels, Cloister, &c. in St Stephen's Chapel.' 25. 'View of Cloister up-stairs to Speaker's apartments.'

All these engravings, we believe, are from original drawings, and they seem to us, as far as we have the means of judging, to be in general very faithful as well as spirited representations of their subjects. The authors have not announced what their remaining embellishments are to be; but both the Hall and the Courts of Law will, we suppose, easily furnish sufficient materials. As views have been given of the present Houses of Lords and Commons, the late Houses should also be introduced. And, if it be not too late, we would recommend, as essential to the understanding of much of the history, the insertion of a ground-plan of the palatial and legislative buildings as the apartments were distributed before the Lords were removed to their late place of meeting in the old Court of Requests. Such a plan, taken from Roque's 'Plan of London,' was published a few years ago in a little work, entitled 'A Faithful Account of the Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England, by Richard Thomson' (Major, 1820)."

The information contained in the letter-press of

the present work appears to have been collected with very commendable industry, and a considerable portion of it is from unpublished documents. The history, however, which, according to the title-page, is to extend "from the Anglo-Saxon dynasty to the final arrangement of the National, Parliamentary, and Legal Courts, at the same place," has only as yet been brought down to the year 1341, the fifteenth of Edward III. This portion occupies 160 of the 400 pages, of which the whole is to consist. The volume, which will only cost twenty shillings when completed, deserves to be recommended for its cheapness, as well as for its other qualities.

The latter numbers of the work contain some very curious accounts and other details, now extracted for the first time from manuscripts in the office of the King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer and elsewhere. Such accounts, as illustrating the rates of wages in former times, are always acceptable contributions to a most interesting chapter in our social history. The following, being an account of the payments made during the week ending the 13th of August, 1307 (the first of Edward II.), for the works that were then carrying on at Westminster, is extracted from an ancient manuscript on vellum, now in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., who purchased it in January, 1830, for seventy guineas, at the sale of the late Craven Ord, Esq., who had been first secondary in the King's Remembrancer's Office. There can scarcely be a doubt, the writer observes, that this manuscript had belonged to the Exchequer.

"To the Master Mason.—To Master Richard de Wightham, the mason assigned by the Treasurer to superintend and direct each of the works of building, and to be the master in the same office, in all the foregoing places; for his wages for the preceding week, receiving the money by his own hands - 7s.

"To the Stonecutters.—To William of Abyndone, Adam of Pipringe, William of Banbury, Simon of Banbury, Robert of Tychemerche, John of Berkhamstede, Alexander of Hoghton, Milo of Stachesdene, and John of Combe, nine masons employed in cutting large Caen stones—'grossas petras de Cadomo'—for the said works, as task-work, taking for 100 feet 4s., for 480 feet thus cut, receiving the money by the hands of William of Abyndone and Adam of Pipringe - 19s. 2½d.

"To the Master Workman.—To Master James de Leuesham, the workman appointed to oversee the several operations of workmanship in all the before-mentioned places. Mem. that nothing was paid to him here, but at the Exchequer, by the Chamberlain, by his writ of *Liberate*.

"To one Workman, 5d. a day.—To Alan of Leuesham, workman, for repairing the hearths or fireplaces [astras] in the structure of the Palace, and doing other things necessary; for four days and a half, receiving the money by his own hands - 22½d.

"To the inferior Labourers, 2½d. a day.—John de Tyngri, [and thirty-four other labourers, whose names are mentioned], for carrying timber, stones, plaster, boards, &c. from the King's Bridge to the Palace, and for divers other necessary kinds of work, for four days and a half, receiving the money by the hands of William de Laddrede and Nigel de Cornubia, to each 11½d. - 32s. 9½d.

"To the inferior Labourers, 2½d. a day.—To Adam Coleman and others, in all eleven inferior labourers, for cleansing divers houses and divers places in the Palace, and for carrying filth even to the Thames, receiving the money each by his own hands, for four days 10d. - 9s. 2d.

"For different purchases, chiefly of small articles, as keys, sieves, latches, and other things, in all 3s. 11½d.

"For Carriage.—To John Wisman, carrier, for the carriage of seven thousand of tiles, from East Smithfield, near the Tower of London, to the Palace, reckoning for the carriage of 1000, 6d., receiving the money by his own hands, 3s. 6d.—Item, to Henry de Schipman, lighterman, for seven boat-loads of sand, from the Thames, for making mortar, reckoning for a boat-load 6d., receiving the money by his own hands, 3s. 6d. - 7s.

"For Portage.—To Henry Godale, porter, and his associates, for the portage and carriage of two barge-loads of Caen freestone, from the King's Bridge to the Palace, receiving the money by his own hands - 14d.

"For the scaffolds 3d. a day.—To William de Ledrede and Richard de Blethelan, scaffold-makers, for work done about the scaffolds for the masons, for six days, to each 18d. - 3s.

"Sum total of the first payments.
for wages - 0 73 0½
Of the purchases - 0 3 11
For carriage and portage - 0 8 2

£4 5 2½"

* This sum exceeds the true amount by about two shillings, as may be seen on reckoning up the different totals.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Same Press of C. & W. RAYNELL, Little Pultney-street.